

The history

O the diuill take such coofoners, god forgiue me,
Good vncl tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We wil stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done I faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ransome ftraight,
And make the Douglas fonne your only meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reafons
Which I fhall fend you written, be afiur'd
Wil eafely be granted you my Lord.
Your fonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shal fecretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble prelat welbelou'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Bristow the lord Scroop,
I fpeake not this in eftimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
And onely ftayes but to behold the face
Of that occafion that fhall bring it on.

Hot. I fmell it. Vpon my life it will do well.

Nor. Before the game is afoote thou ftill letft flipe.

Hot. Why, it cannot chufe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioine with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And fo they fhall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.

Wor. And tis no little reafon bids vs fpeed,
To faue our heads by raifing of a head,
For beare our felues as euen as we can,
The king will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnfatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fee already how he doth begin
To make vs ftrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

of Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, wee be reueng'd on him.

Worft. Coofen farewell. No further go in this,

Then I by letters fhall direct your courfe

When time is ripe, which will be fuddenly,

Ile fteale to Glendower, and Lo: Mortimer,

Where you and Douglas, and our powres at once,

As I will fafhion it fhall happily meete,

To beare our fortunes in our own ftrong armes,

Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we fhall thrue I truft.

Hot. Vncl adieu: O let the houres be fhort,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our fport. *Exunt*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand

1 Car. Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day ile be hangd,
Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horfe not
packt. What Ofiler.

Of. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I preeche Tom beat Cuts faddle, put a few flockes in
the point, poore iade is wroong in the withers, out of all cefle.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peafe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houfe is turned
vp fide downe fince Robin Ofiler died.

1 Car. Poore fellow neuer ioied fince the prife of Oates rofe,
it was the death of him.

2 Car. I thinke this be the moft villainous houfe in al London
road for fleas, I am ftung like a Tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench, by the Maffe there is nere a King chri-
ften could be better bit then I haue bin fince the firft cocke.

2 Car. Why they will allowe vs nere a Iordane, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like
a loach.

1 Car. What Ofiler, come away and be hangd, come away.

2 Car. I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of Gin-
ger, to be deliuered as far as Charing crosse.

1 Car. Gods bodie, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ftar-
ued: what Ofiler? a plague on thee. haft thou neuer an eie in thy
head? canft not heare, and twere not as good deede as drinke to
break

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